

Chopsticks

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Summary: I love games, and I love playing them with L. Working beside him is always interesting.

Chopsticks

I typed furiously against the buttons of my keyboard, the clicking becoming a wild mesh of sound as it echoed around the room, being the only noise in the otherwise dead silent room. My coal coloured eyes danced wildly across the fluorescent screen, the brightness reflecting from my cyan rimmed glasses. _I was so close_... My fingers increased their speed, the clicking becoming louder as I pressed with more force than necessary; my jaw clenching to grind my back teeth together before loosening a little to run my tongue bar along the backs of my incisors in a nervous gesture. The rattling echoed in my ears louder than the keys as dark eyes scanned back and forth faster, nearly overlooking the edges of the screen in their wild dance... almost... _almost_... _**yes**_!

"_**I did it!**_"

I threw my arms up in the air, albeit a little shaky from the 20 minutes I had just spent pressing away like a lunatic. Come to think of it, the tips of my fingers were vibrating too. Oh who cares?! _I did it!_

"Yes, very well done Far. That was certainly interesting."

I turned my gaze to look at the dark haired detective with a pearly grin of achievement, lowering my arms in the process as I laced my long fingers together, ignoring the buzzing still resounding through them.

"I told you I was the best at this game."

"You did, and you didn't disappoint."

My smile twisted into a smirk as I continued to stare at the male who hadn't glanced away from his computer screen since the game had started. I flicked long silver locks from off my shoulder, hunching over a little in a taunting manner.

"Don't tell me you're sore because you lost L?"

He turned to finally look at me with eyes almost as dark in colour as my own as he tilted his head lightly, raven locks falling over to the side in a scraggy mess.

"Of course I am. No one likes to lose after all."

I relaxed into my seat, my smirk falling into a small smile once more as I softened my gaze. He really was like a child sometimes...

"It was a good match though. You almost had me a few times and I have to admit I was pretty worried for a second there near the end."

"Yes, it was close. And speaking of Near... he really does get his love for games from you doesn't he?"

I tilted my head a little so it was resting on the curve of the oversized computer chair, my eyes casting over to look at the customized keyboard I had made. It was ideal for both work and gaming.

"Not really."

"No?"

"No. He's always been exceedingly gifted for intellectual games like milk puzzles, rubik's cubes and chess. And unlike me he has a lot of patience... I've seen him build domino cities and mass amounts of card houses which I would give up on easily."

"As opposed to you who settles for playing violent or horror based video games?"

I giggled at his blunt tone.

"Exactly. He may be my younger brother, but his intelligence greatly exceeds my own. That's why he's your successor L."

"But it was you who got him started in games correct? So if not for that fact he may not have had an outlet for steam in his time studying at Wammy's. The pressure could have built up to be too much for him."

"I doubt that, my baby brother has always been special; for as long as I can remember."

"Another thing he gets from his big sister then."

I turned from the Azure and raven keyboard to finally look the detective in the eyes, seeing that he was still staring at me. I waited, knowing this man long enough to know that he was merely pausing for dramatic effect, which I must admit I didn't appreciate

most of the time.

"You are here with me on this case because I know you are capable, you have seen my face because you are trustworthy, and I take breaks to play games with you because you are a challenge. Yet as special as you may be, you still doubt yourself. I can't help feeling that it's an inferiority complex you have next to Near."

My eyebrow twitched wildly as I placed my hand up to stop it, making it appear as if I were adjusting my glasses. I changed my mind about what I said before; I liked his pauses, in fact he should stop talking all together._

"Inferiority complex huh? And what about you L?"

I saw him blink at me lightly through my one narrowed eye as I lowered my palm to scowl at him properly once I was certain my twitching had ceased.

"Me? I don't have such a complex."

"Oh really? You hide your real name and face as protection and are known as the world's greatest detective right? The name L resounds around the world and everyone knows of you, yet no one knows you. Is it because of how you look? Your safety? Or perhaps it's not an inferior thing at all and you really have a God complex? We don't know his true name, nor his true face either. So is that it?"

I stopped once I had finished my rant, regretting my words instantly. Dammit... I never knew when to stop did I? My scowl fell, eyes turning away from the detective as I sank farther into my seat. I couldn't just say '**sorry, forget what I said**.' L wasn't the kind of man to do such a thing, and saying something like that would be stupid. Even the apology... I do rant... I rant a lot... but whatever's on my mind at the time always comes bursting out, thus why I can't be L's successor... I get angry too easily and blow up... but he did insult me first...

"Near and Far; the names given to you both are more than perfect, yet at the same time unfitting."

I kept my gaze downcast, biting on my tongue bar as I awaited him to continue.

"You act on your emotions a lot and are outspoken and not afraid to tell the world of your feelings, unlike Near. Yet you are both skilled in not only games, but your deductive skills, intelligence and thought to detail is more than impressive. It's not only your looks that imply you are related."

"Why change the subject back to Near and I? Aren't you mad about what I just said?"

"Mad? Hmm... no, I'm not mad. You were merely stating your opinion and I can appreciate that."

I blinked a little to look up at him, watching as his dark eyes bore into my own.

"You can?"

His features fell a little, body deflating in an annoyed manner.

"I don't like to repeat myself Far."

I am... _outspoken and aren't afraid to tell the world of my feelings... I smirked a little, coming to an understanding at his typical unusual way of saying he forgave me before I shifted in my seat to grab the last muffin from the cart, waving it around next to my face.

"Let's play another game, winner takes the last muffin."

"And the game would be?"

"_Your_ choice."

"Hm? You don't want to pick it together? You would be at a huge disadvantage after all."

"Maybe _I_ want the challenge for once."

He smiled at me softly which I retaliated with a smirk. His eyes were dark and focused and I knew he was up to this more than he lets on.

"Very well. We play Chopsticks."

I tilted my head a little as I blinked a few times; _Chopsticks?_ Isn't that a small Childs game? I remembered playing it a few times with my brother when I was still in the orphanage, but don't have much more recollection of the game. I did still remember the rules however. I wasn't good at practical games, but it was still a game none the less and I had stated that he could pick and choose of his own preference. I shrugged and held out both of my index fingers, ready to play.

"Alright."

L mimicked my movement, taking his left index finger and tapping my left hand with it. I pointed out my middle finger, taking the two points I had on that hand to tap L's right hand as he pointed out his index and ring finger.

"By the way, if I win I don't care for the muffin."

He then tapped my left with his left, my eyebrow raising at the gesture. He could have gotten more points with his left hand...

"We agreed on the muffin though."

"No, I agreed to pick the game; not the spoils."

I pointed out the middle finger of my left hand, tapping his left so he pointed his middle and index finger again. I didn't know what he was going for, but he wouldn't have the advantage.

"Then, what do you want?"

A small smile crossed his face as his left hand tapped my left once

more, knocking all my fingers down and adding the extra point onto my right hand... _dammit_! I had lost one of my hands now and I only have 2 points on my right hand... I could knock out his left hand, but on his next turn with the 3 points on his other hand he could knock out the rest of my fingers... _I lost_... L shifted his left hand, but rather than knocking it with his fingers he covered my own in his larger grip as I glanced up to look at the male confused. With a swift tug he pulled me close to him, wrapping his free arm around my hips to keep my now stiff body in place.

"You can have the muffin."

I blinked a little, coming to my senses if only a little to push my body back to stare him in the eyes, palms resting against the soft fabric of his shirt.

"L... you were going to win..."

The stoic face of the detective lent closer to my own as his lips collided with mine without hesitation, his nose touching the side of mine as the closeness as he leant lightly against it in a nuzzling manner. He pulled away, looking down to meet my more than flabbergasted expression.

"I did win."

End
file.